

THE BLOODY CRIME

Which Circles Around the Head of Dick Hawes

WHO WILL BE HANGED TODAY

The Dead Body Found Floating in the Lake.

HAWES'S BIGAMOUS MARRIAGE

The Finding of the Wife and Second Daughter

THROW THE PEOPLE INTO RAGE

The Bloody Repulse at the Jail

IN WHICH NINE MEN WERE KILLED

The Stolid Brute to Follow His Victims at Last.

BIENINGHAM, Ala., February 27.—[Special.] Hawes will hang at 12:30 tomorrow, and the execution will be strictly private, less than fifty tickets having been issued by the sheriff. The prisoner's last day on earth was passed in prayer.

Hawes slept until 6 o'clock this morning, and he slept soundly, too. Then, when he awoke he called for a large bucket of water, and indulged in a thorough sponge bath, during which he kept up an animated conversation with the guard.

THE PRISONER ENTERS.

Shortly after 7 he gave an order for breakfast, and this is the bill of fare: "Broiled ham, fried steak, soft boiled eggs, buttered toast, hot rolls, coffee." The meal was served by 8 o'clock, and Hawes ate with an apparent relish. Then he exercised himself, walking rapidly up and down his cell for nearly an hour. His hands were clasped behind him, and his head bowed as he strode across the floor. He was evidently thinking, and thinking hard.

About 9 o'clock Dr. D. I. Purser, a Baptist minister, who has been visiting Hawes, was shown to the cell. As the minister entered, Hawes was still walking, but he stopped as Dr. Purser came up, and extending his hand, said:

"Oh, good morning, doctor, I'm awful glad to see you. How are you this morning?" There was a pleasant smile on Hawes's face. It was quite certain that he was in an excellent humor. Dr. Purser grasped Hawes's extended hand, and still holding it, walked across the cell to the bed. Then he picked up the Bible, and opening it read a chapter. Hawes listened attentively to the reading, all the time retaining that pleasant smile. Dr. Purser closed the book and knelt beside the cot. Hawes dropped upon his knees beside the doctor. Then the minister began a fervent prayer, and Hawes interrupted the petition frequently with a hearty amen. The prayer over, the minister and Hawes resumed their seats upon the cot, and began talking. Hawes talked freely to the minister, and in his discussion of his spiritual condition, manifested an astonishing familiarity with the Bible. He seemed to have the cardinal points of religion, and Dr. Purser was well pleased with what the prisoner said. He made reference to his trouble but once, and then said:

"I never harmed a hair on my wife's head, or my children's either."

Dr. Purser made no reply.

"But," Hawes went on, "I am guilty, I am an accessory to the murder."

Here he stopped.

"Do you know, doctor," he said, "that I am almost glad the end is here. No one knows what the last five or six years of my life was. To tell you the truth, I would not live that part of my life over if, by living it over, I could walk out of here a free man. My God, the recollection of those miserable, horrible, dreary days is the greatest punishment I have."

The minister made no attempt to draw anything from Hawes.

"My wife—I mean Miss Story," said Hawes, "wrote to me not long ago about you, doctor."

"Yes," remarked the minister.

"She had heard you preach in Columbus, and was thoroughly impressed with you," said the prisoner. "Then she wrote me, 'he continued, 'and advised me to send for you, saying that she knew you would do anything you could for me.'"

"I am pleased to do anything I can for you, Mr. Hawes," said the minister.

"I knew that," replied the doomed man. "I have found that out, and I want to say to you, that you have done me good—more good than any one I know. That I have been a great sinner, and I fear that I am eternally lost. I do know that I have nothing to rely upon by which I can be saved, and all I can do is to put my trust, as best I can, in the promises you have pointed out to me."

Dr. Purser remained with Hawes an hour or two and then left. In speaking of the visit the minister says:

"I find his views extremely good and correct, and I have great hopes for him."

"Is he penitent?" the doctor was asked.

"Thoroughly so," was his answer. "Hawes is trying hard to make his peace with his God, and he seems to understand what he is doing. I shall remain with him to the end."

"See him hung, you mean?"

"He has asked me to do so, and I shall call at the jail in the morning at half-past nine, and remain with him to the end."

During the day two other ministers, Methodists, passed an hour with Hawes. With both he made the same impression as with Dr. Purser.

HIS BURIAL PUT BROUGHT IN.

About noon his burial suit was taken from him. He examined it critically, and expressed himself pleased. The clothes were fashioned in the cutaway style, and were neat and well made and were presented to Hawes. His slippers will be of black morocco and stockings will be furnished by Sheriff Smith.

At 3 o'clock this afternoon Jim Hawes, Mrs. Hawes and Willie Hawes called to see

the prisoner. The meeting was extremely affecting. The party drove to the jail in a carriage, and made every attempt to avoid being seen, but they were not successful. A large crowd had congregated about the jail when the carriage drove up. Sheriff Smith accompanied them to the cell, and then withdrew a safe distance. He had no desire to intrude, and gave the party as much privacy as the law would allow him. The meeting between Mrs. Hawes and her brother-in-law made a sad picture, but when the father threw his arms about his son, the picture could not have been painted. The boy cried bitterly, while the father moaned and groaned as though in great agony. His cries could be heard upon the street, and many who had been drawn towards the jail through idle curiosity, moved away as though ashamed. The doomed

lakeside, but no one could identify the dead girl, and she was removed to Lockwood & Miller's undertaking parlors in the city. During the evening hundreds called at the parlors to view the remains, but none came on bringing with it no solution of the mystery.

The body, robed in pure white, rested in a handsome satin lined casket. The face, though white as marble, was free from the look of death, and every one who gazed upon it had some remark to make about the child's great beauty.

The Birmingham Age-Herald on Wednesday morning contained a graphic and pathetic story from the pen of City Editor Hawley about the dead child. The story was touching in the extreme, and drew large crowds to the side of the coffin. "Long before the place was open in the morning a crowd had congregated, and throughout the entire day a stream of curious people passed through the rooms. Men, women,

"I understand that he is in Columbus, Miss., and will be married there today."

This declaration created a profound sensation. How could Hawes marry if he had a wife living?

It was the last time she has ever seen him.

When Hawes was arrested he received the announcement as stolidly and coolly as if he had just heard something in which there was no interest. His manner in no way indicated a nervousness or any knowledge of the crime charged to him. He did not bother the officers with any questions and made but one remark before reaching the jail.

"I am innocent of this charge," he said.

The body of one of the children has been found," remarked Deputy Sheriff Truss, "and is in an undertaker's shop."

But Hawes made no reply to this, neither did he exhibit any emotion or manifest any desire to see the body.

"All right, come on."

Side by side Hawes and the officer walked out of the coach, his bride following him with a look in which there was love, confidence and devotion.

That was the last time she has ever seen him.

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was desired. Everything that could be done to break off the attachment was done by the Pettis family.

But the girl could not be turned from her determination.

The Pettis family were Catholics and Hawes was not, and this was used with the girl, but it went like all other arguments. In 1879 her church was conducting a fair in the Markham house building, and Miss Pettis was one of the most popular ladies in the work. She assisted in the refreshment department, and was always the center of a group of admirers, and the recipient of many an envious glance from her own sex. On Saturday night, July 28, Miss Pettis went to the fair, and, approaching one of the ladies, still well known in Atlanta, at the booth, said:

"I can't stay long tonight."

"Why?" asked the lady.

"Oh, I'll tell you the next time I see you; I can't tell you now."

In a short time Hawes entered the hall and mingled with his friends. Then joining Miss Pettis they left the fair without attracting attention. Outside a carriage was standing and into it they got, Hawes saying to the driver:

"Drive to Wayne's chapel, quick!"

There was a protracted meeting at the chapel and Hawes and Miss Pettis entered the church, taking seats in the back part. When the services were over Hawes approached the minister and requested him to perform the marriage ceremony. He presented his license, and when they left the church and re-entered the carriage they were man and wife. That night they passed at a boarding-house, and the next morning the bride sent a note to her father informing them of her marriage and asking forgiveness. The note was answered by her father, and when Mrs. Hawes read it she realized for the first time the great offense she had given her father.

Colonel Pettis refused most positively to receive his daughter and her husband, or to even forgive her.

She was devoted to Hawes, however, and he was equally fond of her, and with happy thoughts of the future, they began life. For a short time a boarding-house was their home, and then they moved to a lot on Hunter street, near the Pettis home, and put up a neat cottage. There they began housekeeping apparently untroubled of the proximity of the Pettis family. To her father, however, she was devoted, and gentle with his wife—in every respect he was a model husband, while she seemed to worship him. A year of happiness, the recollection of which must have been Hawes's greatest punishment during the last year of his life, went by and then the sun began to shine brighter than ever.

May was born.

With the little one came greater happiness than either had ever known. She was a bright, winsome child, with dark, curly hair and bright happy laughing eyes. To her father she became a slave and the mother a patient, loving guardian.

But greater happiness came too when Mrs. Hawes's father threw off the restraint came to the little one's side and picking it up carried it to their home.

That sweet face did what nothing else could do.

It made the mother relent and with the grand-child in arms she entered her daughter's home.

The reunion was a happy one and none were happier than Hawes himself.

But the happiness was leavened with misery. Colonel Pettis would not forgive and refused to allow his daughter to enter his home.

The little one grew and when the day came to give it a name Mrs. Hawes asked her youngest sister to suggest one. Miss Pettis took the little one in her arms and imprinting a kiss upon its lips, said:

"Emma, let's name her for the month in which it was born. Let's call it May."

And so the baby was given its name. It grew day by day in strength and beauty. Every day it became more of a picture of her mother, and every day it drew more of her parents' hearts, and every day it drew more tightly about her grandmother's heart.

Her grandfather, however, was not so readily relenting, and refused to look at little Emma's face.

Devoted to his little family, Hawes continued to work and saving and loading his salary for them, until his bank account became quite respectable. He was sober, industrious and popular with all who knew him, and when at home he passed his time with those he loved and neglected his duties.

His wife and he were always well-dressed, and were welcome visitors at many of the best Atlanta homes.

Two years more went by, and their second child, little Irene, was added to the home. Their joy of joy was full, and only one thing was wanting to make it overflow.

That was the forgiveness of Colonel Pettis. For that they prayed and longed, and just then they were upon the eve of having their prayer answered.

But the answer cost both Hawes and his wife bitter sorrow.

The price was the death of her mother and his mother—for she had long ago learned to love and respect her son-in-law and to look upon him as a man of whom any one might be proud.

Soon after the birth of Irene, Mrs. Pettis was taken ill, and in a short time it was apparent that she could not recover. During her illness she constantly called for Emma and her husband. Colonel Pettis sat beside the bed and heard the heart-breaking calls, but would not relent. Finally his heart was touched and he said:

"Emma may come, but Hawes can't."

Instantly a bright light came to the dying woman, and her daughter was sent for. Mrs. Hawes heard it all and was hesitating in her acceptance, because her husband was not included. He was present, and seeing the struggle placed his arms about her. Drawing her to him, he kissed her forehead:

"Go, Emma," he said, "your mother has been so kind to us. Go and do what you can for her; never mind me."

The wife clung to her devoted husband a minute, and then withdrawing from his tender embrace, went to her mother's bedside. Her father received her with a kiss, and then for days she watched her mother's life ebbing slowly but surely away. Every day some little delicacy came to the dying woman. There were no cards, no notes, no messages but mother and daughter knew who had sent it. Day after day Mrs. Pettis sank, and day after day the daughter sat beside the bed. Finally the end approached, and with the dew of death upon her face, Mrs. Pettis turned to her husband, saying:

"I am dying, William."

"Hush, my darling," said the husband, bending over her.

"No, I am dying, and I so much want to die happy," she said.

"But you are happy," said the husband, as the tears poured down his cheeks.

"No, but I would be happy—I would die happy—if you would only forgive Richard."

"Won't you forgive him? He has been so kind, so good, so loving to Emma."

Mrs. Hawes slipped from her chair to her knees and holding up both hands she said:

"Yes, father, forgive him. Forgive him as you have forgiven me."

A bright smile drove the frown from his face, and placing his hands upon his daughter's head he said:

"Yes, I forgive him. Bring him here, I'll forgive him."

"But," he went on after a short pause, "there is one thing you both must promise me."

"What is it, father?" exclaimed the daughter joyously.

"You must marry again. You are a Catholic, and you were married by a Protestant minister. You must be married by the priest."

With a face radiant with happiness Mrs. Hawes sprang through the doorway, and hurrying home, threw her arms around her husband's neck, exclaiming:

"Papa wants you. He has forgiven you."

There was a joyous ring in her voice, and Hawes's face showed the great happiness the message brought him. Together he and his wife hurried back to



DICK HAWES.



MRS. EMMA HAWES.



IRENE HAWES.



WILLIE HAWES.



MAY HAWES.

man's relatives remained with him quite a while, and then went to their hotel. Mrs. Hawes will not see the prisoner again. Mr. Jim Hawes will take his final leave of him tomorrow morning.

READY FOR DEATH.

Sheriff Smith declines to relate anything that transpired during the visit, asserting that the meeting was too sacred. Hawes's supper was very light, and up to midnight he read his Bible, prayed and talked occasionally to the death watch. He is wholly resigned, and says that he is perfectly willing to die. He does not talk much about his execution, but what he does say he says in a calm, quiet tone. His brother has promised to take his body to Atlanta. Hawes comes forward with another request, and that is that his body be kept from the public. One undertaker here, Mr. Miller, of Lockwood & Miller, always has an eye open for a good card, and has offered to present Hawes with a fine casket and send him home, if he can have the body removed from the jail to his establishment, to await the departure of the train. Hawes, however, declined this proposition, and has asked his brother to see to the body.

Tickets to the execution are in great demand, and as much as two hundred dollars have been offered for one. But they are not for sale. Here is the way the tickets read:

"Office of the sheriff, Jefferson county, Ala. J. S. Smith, sheriff—Birmingham, Ala. February 27, 1890.—Admit E. C. Bruffey, Atlanta Constitution, to the execution of R. B. Hawes, Friday, February 28th, 1890."

"The tickets are on small white cards."

MAY HAWES'S BODY FOUND.

It was on Tuesday, December 4, 1888, the body of May Hawes, the oldest child of the red-handed murderer, was found floating in East Lake.

The day was a warm, sunny, spring day in the very heart of winter—so warm that the very waters in which the little one rested had lost their chill.

Two small boys were boating upon the lake and near the east bank observed something floating in the water. Idle curiosity induced them to row towards the object and when they reached it and found that they had discovered a dead body, their horror was intense. Rowing to the shore they informed one of the watchmen of that they had found and a boat was quickly speeding over the waters guided by one of the boys. The body was floating with the head only under the water. It was lifted into the boat and taken to the summer pavilion near the lake.

Then a messenger was sent into Birmingham for the coroner.

The pleasant day had sent many people from Birmingham to the lake, and in a few minutes after the body had been laid upon a bench under the pavilion, crowds began to gather. Ladies assembled around the corpse, and with tender hands, wiped the water from the face and brushed back the wavy, brown hair. Then it could be seen that the child was unusually pretty. Her large blue eyes were more than half open, and this gave the face an unpleasant appearance, but when an old white-haired lady in the crowd bent reverently over the head and closed the eyes, an entire change came over the face.

With the eyes closed, every feature was in repose, and the little one looked more asleep than dead.

The coroner began his investigation at the

mechanics, miners, professional men, ladies and children, people of all shades and occupations, moved in a never-ending procession by the casket drawn to the saddest spectacle as if by an irresistible magnet. No one came, however, who could give the dead child a name, and at noon Coroner Babbett called his jury together, and a verdict was made. Then Undertaker Miller was instructed to bury the body and mark the grave unknown.

But the little one was not to be laid away as an unknown.

Just as the coroner completed his instructions, W. O. Franklin, a butcher who supplied the Hawes family, and who knew every member of it, entered the room and gazing at the face a second, said:

"Why, that's May Hawes; Dick Hawes's child!"

The remark instantly focused every eye upon Mr. Franklin, and the coroner, who had started out of the room, returned to the casket.

"You know her," he asked.

"Of course I know her. Her father is Dick Hawes, an engineer on the Georgia Pacific road. They used to live out near the baseball park on the Lakeview dummy line, but I think they moved to Meridian last week. I have been their butcher since they came here."

Franklin's story aroused an interest which had begun to die out and in a short time it was well known that the body had been identified. The coroner at once called his jury together again and Franklin's testimony was reduced to writing. He identified the child positively and said that he had seen her last on the preceding Saturday when she came to his shop for meat, and that then she had told him that her father intended to leave for Meridian, Miss., that night, to be followed by her mother and children, within a few days.

Mr. Franklin had learned that by Monday the family had left the house lately occupied by them, and supposed that they had really gone to Mississippi, as the child had said, until he saw the body.

Not long after Mr. Franklin's identification became known several parties who had known May Hawes looked at the face and corroborated the identification. Dr. H. S. Duncan, well known throughout Birmingham, had been the Hawes family physician, and when he heard of the identification visited the undertaking parlors.

"That's May Hawes," he said, as he glanced at the face. "I know that face well, and have seen it often at her mother's home. Once I was called to see the mother, who was recovering from a protracted delirium, and this little girl was her only nurse."

Mrs. Hawes had been badly beaten up, and said that her husband had beaten her. Between this child and the mother there was the strongest love I ever saw. It was apparent at a glance. The child was absolutely devoted to the woman, and the woman, with tears in her eyes, said:

"She is my only and my best friend, and I think I would have died but for her."

"Of course I know nothing about the family relations except what I heard there, and that I have repeated."

The identification having been complete, a search was made for the dead girl's father and mother. The father could not be found, and no one to him could be obtained at the Georgia Pacific shops, other than a statement that he had secured a leave of absence a few days before. The cottage was found deserted, and nearly a negro woman, Fannie Bryant, who, when asked about the Hawes family, said:

"Mrs. Hawes and her two children, Willie and Irene, have gone to Atlanta. But you had better ask Mr. Hawes, 'cause he dried up one man this morning about it."

The woman was taken before the coroner's jury and her evidence created quite a sensation. It indicated that the woman did not tell all she knew about the Hawes family and induced a belief that the dead body in the undertaker's place was not the only one to figure in the story.

"Where's Hawes now?" was asked.

Hawes, his uncle.

Telegrams were sent to different points in Indiana, where Mrs. Hawes was said to have gone, but the answers all indicated that she was not there.

Fannie Bryant's story before the grand jury was not as lucid as it might have been. She manifested a knowledge of the child's death and a possible knowledge of the disposition of the body, but no amount of persuasion or threats would induce her to say more. The statement was full of contradictions and had a tendency to confuse the jury, and induced every member to believe she ought to be held as a witness, and possibly an accessory, to a crime, if a crime had been committed. She was sent to jail, and then the search for Hawes and the missing wife and child were resumed.

HAWES'S MARRIAGE AND ARREST.

Nothing could be learned until that night when the Age-Herald received a special from Columbus, Miss., saying:

"COLUMBUS, Miss., December 5.—Mr. R. B. Hawes, one of the most popular employees of the Georgia Pacific railway, and Miss May Hawes, daughter of Mr. J. D. Story, of this place, were married this evening at 3 o'clock at the residence of the bride's father, the Rev. J. W. Price officiating. They left at once for a visit to their relatives in Augusta, Ga., and a bridal tour through the east. There were no cards, and only a few friends were present."

City Editor Hawley, who had become thoroughly aroused in the work, at once communicated with the chief of police, the coroner and Sheriff Smith. To them he showed the telegram, and Sheriff Smith, then who there is no shrewder or braver officer in the south, remarked:

"He will be here tonight, and I think we ought to arrest him. You see the evidence before Mr. Babbett, the coroner, shows that May Hawes was with her father after dark Monday, and that they came towards the city. Then the next morning her body was found in East Lake. Maybe Hawes can explain this. If he can, all right. But if he can't—"

"He will be here tonight," said the chief, breaking in.

During all this time all Birmingham had been discussing the story, and as page after page was turned, the impression prevailed that the girl had been murdered, and the mother and sister put out of the way probably by violence too. The officers were inclined to concur with the people, and when the train from Columbus rolled into the union depot at 9:40 that night, Deputy Sheriff Truss was there with a warrant for Hawes. The officer entered the ladies' coach, and about half way down saw Hawes sitting beside his bride, to whom he had been wedded only a few hours before. The lady was looking into Hawes's face, smiling happily, a ripple of merry laughter falling from her lips as Truss touched Hawes upon the shoulder.

The groom looked up, and seeing some one bending over him, said:

"The officer bent low, and placing his mouth close to Hawes's ear, said:

"I want you. I have a warrant for you. You are charged with killing your child."

The wife looked on in happy ignorance of what was being said to her husband, and as the train stopped he arose from his seat and turned to her, saying:

"Then, as his wife got up and said:

"This gentleman is a friend of mine and I shall have to go up town to attend to some business with him."

Just then one of Hawes's friends who knew of the charge entered the coach and Hawes introduced him to his bride.

"This gentleman," he said, "is a friend of mine and he will see you to the hotel. I will come just as soon as I get through with this business."

"But," he went on after a short pause and a long lingering look at his bride, "it may be morning before I get through, so don't be uneasy about me."

Then imprinting a kiss upon her lips he turned to the officer, saying:

At the jail he submitted quietly to a thorough search and followed the officers to a cell without uttering a word. Later in the night he was visited by a reporter, who remarked:

"You know why you are arrested, I presume?"

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the Pettis home. As they entered the sick chamber Mrs. Pettis held out her hand. There was happiness in every feature of her face, and she grasped her son-in-law's hand, she exclaimed:

"Thank God—now I can die happy."

Colonel Pettis was standing beside the bed, and as Hawes turned from the dying woman, the colonel extended his hand, for a minute the two men grasped hands, and then Colonel Pettis asked of Hawes the same promise he had exacted from his daughter. The promise was readily given, and with the family around the bed, Mrs. Pettis passed away, happy in the reunion she had brought about.

Then the funeral came, and over the grave of his wife Colonel Pettis's tears were mingled with those of his son-in-law. For a day or two the reunion was a dreary place to the bereaved husband, and then he asked Hawes and his wife to carry out their promise and move under his roof. The two, already man and wife, moved into the house again married. Then they moved into the Pettis home, where happiness reigned supreme. Hawes made himself a favorite with the colonel, as he had been with the members of the family, and when, a year or two later, a son was given him, he gave to that son his father-in-law's name. Soon after the son came to college, the house, Colonel Pettis was taken ill suddenly and died. Then in a short time the younger daughter, Miss Maggie Pettis, followed her father and mother to the grave, leaving Mrs. Hawes the heiress to the entire estate.

For her family everything looked bright, but just when the world was brightest a dark cloud began to creep over the domestic sky.

It appears, however, that Mrs. Hawes had contracted a taste for whisky, and frequently drank to excess. At first the husband was kept in ignorance of the deplorable wrong to him, but as the habit grew upon her it became apparent to him. It is said that Hawes first learned the story one day when he entered his home to find his wife upon the floor dead drunk. The discovery must have been terrible, and after that unhappy scene in the Hawes home were many and frequent. The wife appears to have fought bravely against her appetite for rum, but she could not control it. One sin naturally follows another, and in a few months Hawes began to suspect that rum drinking was not his wife's only sin. It was a bare jealousy it found a home where it was nursed and petted until it controlled the man's life. He began to grow suspicious, and engaged detectives to watch her closely. This went on until one day some three years ago he secured almost positive proof of his wife's infidelity. Mrs. Hawes had been seen by the acquaintances a large, fierce-looking man, known throughout the city. Hawes became very jealous of him. Upon one occasion he learned that an engagement existed between this man and his wife and that they were only waiting for him to leave town. He kept his knowledge to himself and that evening beat his wife cruelly and drove her from the house. He pulled his train out of town, but down the road about Palmetto met the incoming train and induced the engineer to stop with him. This brought him back to the city about midnight, and after seeing his engine put away Hawes went to his home. Everything was in darkness, and without striking any one he entered the house, and making his way to his wife's bedroom, discovered a confirmation of his worst suspicions. What he saw maddened him beyond endurance, and with a knife in his hand he left the house, and going into the yard, picked up an ax. Then he quietly returned to the room, and in the act of driving the keen blade into the head of his wife, he saw her eyes open and she looked at him with a look of horror. What this man saw as he opened his eyes must have sent a chill to his heart. The ax in the hands of an infuriated man, and the man sprang from the bed, grasping the wife, desperate Hawes. The paroxysm was much larger than the man whose head he had just cut off, and easily succeeded in wrenching the ax from his grasp. But as he secured the weapon his feet slipped and he fell to the floor. Upon the hearth there lay a large heavy iron poker, and, seizing this, he dealt the man a terrible blow over the head before he could regain his feet. The blow was so severe that the man died then and there. Mrs. Hawes pined him over, and every lick the blood came out, and when the man was apparently dead, she took him the man was apparently dead. The racket aroused the woman and her screams awakened the neighborhood, but when neighbors came in they found Hawes beating and abusing his wife. The trouble attracted the attention of the police and Hawes was arrested and taken to police headquarters. So was his wife. Physicians were called for the wife, and the papers teemed with sensational stories for a day or two.

Then Hawes instituted suit for divorce, and left his wife's home.

But within a month the suit for divorce was abandoned, and Hawes and his wife went together again.

Sympathy and public sentiment were with Hawes throughout the trouble, but the suit was abandoned and the reconciliation obtained, a story became current that lost for Hawes many friends.

The Pettis estate naturally went to Hawes's wife, and in order to secure the property Hawes agreed to abandon the suit and resume his relations with the woman if she would make the property over to him. Hawes refused to do so, but a compromise between the two was effected by which the property was transferred to him in trust for the children.

Hawes's friends looked upon the transaction as a sale of his character, honor and self-respect, and many of them began to avoid him. Seeing that he could not hope to regain his standing in Atlanta, Hawes took his family to Montgomery, where he lived a year. The exposure carried with it all the pride Mrs. Hawes ever had, and in Montgomery she quickly became a notorious character. Before the dissipation her beauty rapidly faded, and in a short time she looked wholly unlike the beautiful woman once well known in Montgomery. All this time the town was teeming with all sorts of stories. Hawes's past life was discussed, his character and habits dissected, and his responsibility for the death of May and the disappearance of Mrs. Hawes and Irene considered.

The impression was almost universal that the prisoner had murdered May and probably her sister, and that he was a most brutal monster.

IV. THE BODY OF MRS. HAWES FOUND.

The morning after Hawes's arrest dawned with a cloudless sky, but a cold, drizzling rain, which came a few hours later, was shut out from him by a prison roof.

His bride, from whose side he had been torn the evening before, had heard the story in all its fulness, and was crushed beneath the weight of shame and humiliation her marriage had brought to her.

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The impression was almost universal that the prisoner had murdered May and probably her sister, and that he was a most brutal monster.

A few, however, expressed a confidence in Hawes's innocence.

As the day wore on and nothing could be heard from Mrs. Hawes and Irene, the impression that they had been murdered took ground. This theory was given a fresh impetus when it was learned positively that Hawes had never a divorce there would be no cause for the murder, but without one he could not marry Miss Story, the divorcee.

The denial of Hawes's head and gave detectives over missing members of the Hawes family. The two girls were alive on Saturday night, and day night nothing could be learned of them.

Simply because May was found in East lake, it was believed by many that the bodies of the other two would be found there too, and all day long the bottom of the lake was dragged for them. But they were not there.

So strong was the impression that Hawes had killed them all by drowning, that parties visited every lake about Birmingham, with hooks and drags. Near the Hawes cottage than any of these lakes was Lakeview, and upon this searchers worked carefully all the day.

Early in the morning telegrams were received from Atlanta saying that Mrs. Hawes had reached that city Sunday night and had been driven to her home by a cabman. The cabby claimed to have known Mrs. Hawes well when she lived in Atlanta, and was positive that his passenger was Mrs. Hawes. The information was received with joy by Hawes's friends, and for a time the current against Hawes was calmed.

And well for Hawes was it. Soon after that telegram was received, COLONEL T. G. JONES.

Hawes was taken from the jail and escorted to the undertakings room, where the body of May was reposed in the casket. Along the streets were groups of angry citizens, who scowled at the man as he went by, and but for that Atlanta telegram, violence would probably have been done him.

The telegram induced the belief that the woman was alive.

If she were alive, then Hawes might be innocent of the death of his child, so argued the people.

Hawes made no objection when informed that he would have to visit his dead child, neither did he manifest any desire to prevent the visit. He was a large crowd, but the people parted to make way for the father and his companion, Sheriff Smith, as they walked into the room. There were stillness, the stillness of death, and Hawes reached the side of the casket. Every eye was upon him and the people remote from the casket, tip-toed and stretched their necks to see and strain their ears to hear. Hawes stood behind the coffin, and for a half minute glanced down at the lifeless face. Then bending over the coffin, he kissed the face and straightening himself up, he entered the jury and the crowd behind squarely in the face. Not a muscle of his face appeared to move and there was a complete absence of any feeling of grief or fear about him.

"Do you know that body, Mr. Hawes?" asked the coroner.

"That is my child, May Hawes," he answered without a tremor.

Then pausing a minute as he again looked at the dead child he resumed:

"I don't want her to be buried as a pauper, for I can pay the bill. If I secure my release in time I'll bury her myself as she should be buried."

Hawes's conduct and his evident heartlessness, new turned many against him. As he was led back to jail many screams reached his ears, but to these he was wholly indifferent. Not long after he was taken from the jail, and a woman driven away from the depot by the hackman was not Mrs. Hawes. This caused the crowd to grow more and more excited, and as witness after witness was examined by the coroner, information strengthening it was secured. This information presented to the jury, and the jury found that the woman was Mrs. Hawes, bloody clothing under the arms, a bloody eudge in Mrs. Hawes's room and tangled locks of Mrs. Hawes's hair about the place. All this indicated that a horrible struggle, and of themselves suggested a horrible murder. Then Fanny Bryant came forward with another story in which she said:

"I went to Hawes's home Saturday morning about 9 o'clock to carry a pillow slip which was given me, and it came from a wound on Mrs. Hawes's head. She told me that her husband had hit her with a heavy stick. Mr. Hawes and May were there. I went into the house, I met May at the door, and she took the pillow-slip, saying: 'Mamma is not here, Fanny. Nobody is here but papa and I.' She asked her father if I could come in. He asked who I was, and I said I was Fanny. He said come in, and I did so. She said her mother went away that morning. Hawes said she had gotten mad, and he supposed because he sent Will off, he said. He said his wife said she was going to bring Will back from Atlanta. There were two nannies on the floor. They looked at thought they had both been occupied. May said she had slept with her father; that her mother had taken Irene her sister, with her. Sarah left with my house Monday night when Hawes came for May; so was my nephew, Albert."

These discoveries increased the feeling against Hawes, and again threats of violence were indulged in. At first there were mutterings—a far off thunder, suggestive of the terrible storm which was slowly but surely gathering over Birmingham. During all this time the lakes were still being dragged, and the feeling against Hawes was increasing. Many led-headed citizens predicted trouble, but the predictions were laughed at. All on Friday the search went on, and all that day Hawes paced restlessly up and down the cell floor. He refused to converse with any one, and he knew of any knowledge of the crime charged to him.

His bride was still at the hotel, being carefully cared for by sympathizing, tender ladies. Hawes was constantly thinking. During the afternoon he asked Sheriff Smith for paper and pencil, saying:

"I want to write my wife a note, and I want you to send it to her."

Like all brave men, Sheriff Smith is a tender-hearted as a woman, and granted Hawes's first request, as he has granted the prisoner every possible favor and kindness since assuming charge of him. He supplied Hawes with the writing material, and then sent the note. That note read:

My Darling May: With all I know for the terrible trouble I have got into, I know how independent you are, and only blame myself for not telling you all. For God's sake, don't think I am guilty of this terrible thing; try and judge me as light as you can. I loved you so I was afraid to tell you about her. She would not let me to be troubled with her, as she would be in a convent. Don't believe anything you see in the papers, as not one-half is true. Let me know what you are going to do to me this eve. This terrible suspense is fast killing me. I don't know what I can stand it much longer. Oh, my darling, if you only knew you could not ensure me too soon, I would write you out right. My broken heart and most miserable one. RICHARD.

P. S.—You will see me this p. m., if I can get out. The postscript was wise, and explained Hawes's absence that evening.

The clouds grew blacker every minute, and the situation was telegraphed to the military authorities at Montgomery by Major G. E. West. Then the mayor, Mr. Thompson, was advised to order the local military and guard the jail, but the mayor could not see the necessity for it, and declined. Dark settled upon the town that night, and as men ceased their daily work and began mingling about the hotels, saloons and streets, the feeling against Hawes became more and more intense.

To the most careless it became apparent that the finding of two more dead bodies would precipitate a bloody fight, or Hawes's death at the hands of a mob.

Saturday morning found the streets thronged with people. Everybody was engrossed with

the affair, and business was almost entirely suspended, many houses being closed up. Th day wore on with the tragedy, the only thought of the people, but before it closed an event was to transpire which would prove the spark necessary to produce the great conflagration which swept over Birmingham that night.

It was the finding of Mrs. Hawes's body. All during the day there seemed to be a consensus of opinion, uniting all classes, that the bodies of the missing mother and baby girl would be found in the lake. The searchers were freely expressing extreme views around the hotels, saloons and other places of general resort, there were suggestions that certain elements of the crowd were only waiting for some such finally conclusive development to take the law in their own hands, or, at any rate, make an attempt of that kind. The moral atmosphere was very tense, and the crowd gave indications that caused grave uneasiness among the friends of law and order.

Soon after the noon hour the page in the story was turned, and the crowd was lowered and a wild, reckless mob. Parties who had been dragging the lake struck something near the little flower-covered island in the center of the pool. The skin on the face and hands of the grappled weight below was drawn up. The men pulled with a shaky hand and as the water broke away from the object they were lifting, the body of a woman was brought to view.

It was Mrs. Hawes. The body was laid in the boat and carried to the shore, and around it a large crowd congregated at once. The skin on the face and hands was drawn into wrinkles by the water and bleached a deathly whiteness. All the woman's beauty had faded and her most ardent admirer in her palmy days could not have recognized the beauty who once stirred the hearts of those who knew her, in the gruesome body dragged from the water. Around both ankles, around the body, and around the neck were pieces of a bell cord, and by these heavy iron fish plates were fastened to the body to hold it down. The crowd was pushed back by a terrible blow, exposing the brain. Those who saw the body brought out declared that the features of the corpse, rigid as they were in death, had preserved a look of freezing terror that, if it signified anything, signified the consciousness of impending murder. If those others, stretched abnormally open, could have been seen, the crowd would have been a tale they might have told.

THE STORY OF THE RIOT.

The discovery of the body flew over the city like a prairie fire, leaving in its track a trail of excitement. The skin on the face and hands was drawn into wrinkles by the water and bleached a deathly whiteness. All the woman's beauty had faded and her most ardent admirer in her palmy days could not have recognized the beauty who once stirred the hearts of those who knew her, in the gruesome body dragged from the water. Around both ankles, around the body, and around the neck were pieces of a bell cord, and by these heavy iron fish plates were fastened to the body to hold it down. The crowd was pushed back by a terrible blow, exposing the brain. Those who saw the body brought out declared that the features of the corpse, rigid as they were in death, had preserved a look of freezing terror that, if it signified anything, signified the consciousness of impending murder. If those others, stretched abnormally open, could have been seen, the crowd would have been a tale they might have told.

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THE MOB REFUSED.

"Fire and be damned!" yelled a man in the front. Sheriff Smith retreated to the platform in front of the jail entrance, and standing there alone, facing the angry mob with no one in sight, repeated his order. Then he began to count:

"One—two—three."

With the word fire upon his lips it seemed he hesitated, and then raising a hand, called out: "I'll give you another chance. You must come no further. I'll count five, and if you don't leave I'll fire."

Again the crowd hooted and pressed on. "One, two, three, four, five," counted the sheriff, slowly and distinctly. Then he paused. The crowd continued to advance.

Instantly, a solid sheet of flame poured from the jail roof, the jail windows and the court-house. Then came the sharp reports of the shotguns. The darkness was made brilliant by the flashing gun powder and the air laden with the rapid discharge of guns. Then as quickly as it began, it stopped, and a dark and stillness returned.

But the alley was clear. Standing upon the platform was the sheriff. Throughout the firing he remained there a target for the cruel looks that were wanted to fire. And many of them did fire.

The stillness was only momentary. Then it was broken by the groans and cries of the wounded lying. From all sides the piteous cries came, and with a heavy heart, Sheriff Smith walked down the alley to investigate. At his feet he found the bodies of three men, and with a hand as tender as it was steady, a minute before, he ministered to them. In a few minutes the town knew of the shooting, and the story was one of absorbing interest to the public, especially so as it was the first talk he had made. And it is here reproduced.

"No, I am not feeling well this morning. Who would?" he remarked in reply to a question.

"Pretty ticklish time, wasn't it, Dick?" "Well, should say so," and raising his head he glanced through the bars.

"How's everybody in Atlanta?" he asked as his eyes rolled toward the top of the cell.

"And is there much talk about this affair?" "Everybody is talking about it."

He dropped his head, and pulling his mustache nervously, asked: "And what do they say? What do they think?"

"Some think you are innocent. Others are satisfied that you are guilty."

Again he began playing with his beard. He appeared to be thinking deeply.

"And there are more," he said, "who think me guilty."

"No, Dick, you are wrong. The general impression yesterday was that your wife had jumped into the lake to drown herself, and that she had carried May with her."

A faint smile came over his face as he said: "Before God, I believe that was the way it was."

But that could not have been, for they were found in the lakes five miles apart. Hawes looked perplexed.

"That's so," said he. "I can't, of course, think that now. I did think it."

For a second there was silence in the cell. Suddenly the prisoner raised his arms on high and exclaimed:

"Oh, God! This is terrible! Here I am confined in this cell charged with murdering my wife and daughters. Why should I kill them? I loved those two children, and one I loved their mother. The children I could not have killed, because my heart was too full of love for them. The mother I would not have killed, because we were apart."

He fairly shuddered as he spoke and glaring around the cell said:

"See, these iron bars. They shut me out from freedom and action. They keep me from beside my first child, my girl, whom I loved so much. They keep me from searching for my baby girl. What may be her fate? Dead? Oh! who could injure that innocent, loving child. She may be dead, and almost pray God that she is."

Rumor after rumor was circulated, adding to the existing excitement. The heavy gloom hanging over the city made otherwise conservative people say things and advocate measures which had only been spoken in whispers while the light of day shone. Before eight o'clock it became apparent to the most skeptical that an attempt would be made to take Hawes from the jail and hang him. No attempt was made to disperse the crowds, but at the jail the sheriff was organizing a guard armed with Winchester and shotgun.

Then to prevent a surprise the sheriff threw out a line of pickets, instructing them to fall back in front of any advance and under no circumstances were they to enter the jail. A line was placed upon the roof, in the second story and upon the courthouse just across the alley from the jail. These had been quickly thrown into position by Smith, and there instructions were positive not to fire until ordered to do so by the sheriff.

"Under no circumstance pull a trigger," said the sheriff, "must I order you to fire; then shoot, and shoot to kill."

The mouth of the ten-foot alley leading up to the jail was guarded, and the defensive arrangements, as planned by Joe Smith, were entirely adequate to repel an assault carefully organized and intelligently led by trained soldiers.

By 9 o'clock the various crowds began to meet on Twenty-first street, at Third avenue. That street leads to the jail, and up it the mobs began to surge. Slowly at first they moved along the street, at first silently but before half the block had been traversed the mob was whooping and howling.

"Blow up the jail."

"Hang Hawes and Fannie Bryant to a lamp post."

"Burn 'em."

Such were some of the cries, and they indicated too, that whisky rather than a desire for revenge was directing the mob. In the front ranks, however, were sober men, men held high by the people of Birmingham. They were counselling order and begging the crowd to turn back.

But there was no turn back in that mob. They were on their way to the jail and nothing would stop them. Those who were begging for peace were pushed aside, and on to the jail the mob now thoroughly wild, went. No more counsel or order was heeded by the guard. A derisive laugh is the answer as the guard fell back followed by the mob. One third the way up the alley the crowd was met by Sheriff Smith alone.

"You must go back, men," he said, "you have crossed the dead line."

"Yells of derision followed the order."

"But not come any further," said the sheriff. "I shall count three and if you don't leave I'll order my men to fire."

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But that could not have been, for they were found in the lakes five miles apart. Hawes looked perplexed.

Frank Childs—shot at first volley; died Sunday. J. W. Gilmore—shot through bowels; died a week after. Colbert Smith, colored, shot through right lung; died Sunday. Unknown negro; lungs; died Sunday.

Berkely, shot through both legs, serious. John H. Merritt, shot through calf of left leg. Matt Kennedy, shot through both legs, serious. W. S. Owen, shot through right thigh, serious.

W. A. Bird, shot through right shoulder, serious; R. Reichwein, right ankle shattered, also flesh wound. Lawrence Fitzhugh—shot through shoulder. Charles Bailey—shot through head; probably fatally.

A. J. Schide—shot through left side, below shoulder; likely to die.

His head dropped again. No one in the cell uttered a word.

"These bars are hard and strong. If I could only rend them apart and go to the side of the woman whom I once loved so, and who has wronged me so terribly, I would have but one wish."

"And what is that?" he was asked.

"To see my boy dead, and then to die too. That would remove us all from earth, and we would be laid in one grave. Oh, wouldn't that be a pleasure?"

He picked up his shoes, which were on the floor in front of him, and pushing them on the bed, straightened up with a groan.

"I have no one to help me. Last Sunday morning I was a free man. Now I am in a cell with officers protecting me from an infuriated mob. Then I was happy. Now I am miserable. Then I was the happy father of two bright girls. Now one is dead, and the other—oh, God, where is my Irene, my darling baby girl?"

"Dick, brace up, old boy. You are in the nine hole just now, but everything will change."

"Must change! It will change! If I could only get out I could change it."

"Has Jim been to see you?"

"Yes, he has been yesterday. He is doing all he can, but he can't do everything."

"When did you see your wife last?"

"Saturday night."

"Where?"

"At the house. I went there to see the children."

"Was Willie there?"

"No. I had sent him to Atlanta with Jim."

"Should you go home near?"

"I went Sunday morning to take the two girls to the convent, but they were gone."

"You know the crowd was after you?"

"Oh, yes; the jailer told me."

"And how did you feel?"

"Not easy, of course. I was not at all nervous, but cool. I felt certain that I would be protected."

"Did you apprehend another assault?"

"Oh, no. When I heard the firing case, I waited a little to see which side had won the day, soon knew the result by the absence of the blows which would have been necessary to get in here."

"You have heard that a half dozen men were killed?"

"Yes, and I am sorry. I would give my life a thousand times to return those men to life."

Hawes paused a minute and said:

"I wish you would send me a breakfast. I haven't eaten anything in two days, nor slept. No, but I believe I could take a nap if I had a good breakfast."

THE DAY AFTER.

Intelligence of the riot had gone over the wires to the four quarters of the globe, and all day long the eyes of the world were upon Birmingham, anticipating more bloodshed.

Telegrams of inquiry poured into the city all day.

Early in the morning Colonel Jones reached Birmingham from Atlanta, and about the same time the Montgomery Greys, Captain Jones commanding, the Montgomery Blues, Captain Bibb commanding, the Montgomery Mounted Rifles, Captain Wiley commanding, and the Montgomery Field Artillery, Captain Cline commanding, came. Colonel Jones made the jail his headquarters and during the morning was reinforced by the Greenville Light Guards, Captain Poyles commanding, Butler Rifles, Captain Bucken, commanding, and the

Warrior Rifles, Captain Caldwell, commanding. Lee Light Infantry, Captain Dean commanding, the Birmingham Rifles, Lieutenant Rowley commanding, Jefferson Volunteers, Captain Clark commanding, Birmingham Guards, Captain Woodruff commanding, Birmingham Light Artillery, Lieutenant

my office.

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ATLANTA, GA., FEBRUARY 28, 1890.

Concerning Population.

A writer in the Memphis Avalanche says that we are better off without a dense population.

If we were crowded together like the people of Belgium, it would be a bad thing, because we cannot equal the Belgians in making the soil productive, and our mode of living is more expensive.

We make a mistake in desiring unlimited immigration. Undoubtedly immigrants would build up the country. Railroads would have more freight and passengers for awhile, but more railroads would be built, and the profits of all would be cut. Merchants would sell more goods for awhile, but more merchants would spring up to compete with them. Land owners would get bigger prices for their land, but they could not reinvest without paying at the same rate.

With a big population men would find it harder to earn a living. The fewer people there are in a country, the simpler are the wants of the average citizen, and the easier it is to supply them. Suppose Atlanta had a million inhabitants? She would have a few very rich people, and hundreds of thousands of half-starving desperate poor. Where would be the gain?

But our Memphis contemporary admits that it will be generations before the evils of a dense population will be felt, especially in the south. For sometime to come immigration and our natural increase will build up new and bigger markets for our farmers, and all classes will be benefited. Up to a certain point the growth of our population will be a positive benefit, and we can well afford for the next fifty years to welcome new settlers. Still, we are not dependent upon immigration. The steady progress of the south since the war, mainly through the enterprise and energy of southern men, shows that even with the national government and other sections arrayed against us we can enjoy a reasonable degree of prosperity and happiness.

We have good reason to be satisfied with the situation. If immigrants come there is room for them. If they stay away we can fill the fields ourselves.

He is Answered.

A correspondent, writing from Belleville, Kansas, informs us that northerners cannot and will not come south because they would meet social and political ostracism.

Our Kansas letter writer asks how our people would treat an old man visiting our historic points of interest if they found out that he was William Lloyd Garrison.

Well, the people who tried to elect Horace Greeley to the presidency would find it an easy matter to treat William Lloyd Garrison courteously if he visited the earth again. After the recent friendship and literary partnership existing between Jefferson Davis and James Redpath, it is nonsense to say that a respectable republican and abolitionist of the old-time stripe who comes down here and behaves himself, would meet with anything but fair and pleasant treatment. Redpath was once our bitter enemy. Now he is filling the magazines with his praise of Jefferson Davis, whose kind heart and lofty character greatly impressed him while he was enjoying the hospitalities of Beauvoir.

A republican who is a good citizen, trying to build up the country, will find when he settles in the south that his neighbors do not care anything about his politics. They will help him in business and outvote him in politics.

A New Negro Society.

It is said that a brand new colored society, with a purpose behind it, has been organized in Kansas. Hereafter, we have had "The Rastlin' Daughters of Jacob," "The Breeding Doves of Zion," "The Weeping Sisters" and "The Lovers of the Morning Star," all with benevolent purposes; but it is reported that the Kansas society is a regular stinger that means business.

It is called, according to the correspondent of the New York Herald, the "First Grand Independent Brotherhood," and it has for its purpose the future control of Oklahoma as a negro state. The feature of the society, however, is an oath which binds the members to opposition to the white race for all time, and pledges those who are of negro blood to always assist each other in the courts as against any of the white race.

The society has grown very rapidly, and it is still spreading over Kansas and the adjoining states. The white men in Kansas who have aided the negroes financially have already begun to feel the power of the new organization. During the years of crop failures many white men advanced money to the negroes, and now they refuse to pay the borrowed money. They go into court with an array of witnesses gathered from the society, and not only clear themselves of all indebtedness, but in some instances, manage to bring their creditors in debt to them. In one instance, it is said, a white man has lost \$27,000 representing the indebtedness of the negroes, and has had to pay, in addition to the court costs, over \$2,000.

The organization has now turned its attention to colonizing Oklahoma, and it is making rapid strides in that direction. It is reported, on good authority, that the negroes in that region already outnumber the whites, and they still continue to pour in from all parts of the south.

It is a very interesting affair—especially for the white republicans of Kansas.

What Shall Be Done With Them?

Joe Howard, the newspaper writer, who is fuller of gossip than a Georgia campmeeting, and sometimes hits on a practical matter, and when he does, he hits it hard.

The seething and boiling churning element in New York City has attracted his attention, and it is an element that is certainly worthy of attention. Some one in that "big town" asks, "What shall be done with 'em'?"

and Mr. Howard supplements this by inquiring, "What shall we do with our boys?"

There are three hundred thousand children going to school in New York, and fifty thousand are roaming the streets with nothing to do, apt apprentices in the professions of idleness and crime. In addition, there are eight thousand messenger boys, of whom two thousand go out of service every year.

Considering these things, Mr. Howard asks what is to be done with them. It is an interesting question, and it is one that only time can answer. Every place in the teeming metropolis seems to be full and running over, and yet there is still room, even in that town, for the apt, the bright, the courageous, the industrious and the earnest ones. Some of these boys will go wrong, some will be driven to the wall, some will graduate as criminals, some will seek home elsewhere, but the great majority will make their way and take the places of those who are continually dropping out.

We shall see here the survival of the fittest, the success of the brightest and the strongest, and in it all behold the gentle hand of Providence, winnowing the wheat from the chaff, stirring the hearts of sordid men, and protecting these human sparrows that now run chirping about the streets.

The Story of a Remarkable Crime.
THE CONSTITUTION presents this morning the full story of the crime for which Richard Hawes will be hung today in Birmingham.

The story is one of the most remarkable in the annals of crime. Since the murder of little May and Irene Hawes and their mother, a dozen persons have lost their lives as the result of that crime, which the law has fixed upon Dick Hawes, and for which he will today pay the death penalty. The story of the storming of the Birmingham jail, and of the gallant defense of the prisoner by Sheriff Smith, and of the lives lost in the encounter, is fresh in the memory of those who have followed the details of the fatal story.

THE CONSTITUTION devotes considerable space this morning to the recital of the circumstances surrounding the crime, and of the subsequent details, concerning which so much has already been said. Mr. Bruffey's story reads more like a romance—a chapter of fiction—than the picturing of a chapter of real life.

The Hawes family were well known in Atlanta where they lived before they moved to Birmingham, and it is probable that the reports concerning the crime have been read with as much interest in Atlanta as in Birmingham.

In this connection it is not out of place for THE CONSTITUTION to say that its superior facilities for obtaining and distributing the news have been demonstrated to a marked degree in our reports of everything concerning the affair, from the finding of the dead bodies to the confession of Hawes a few days ago.

Atlanta's New Line to Florida.
In an interview in another column Colonel R. F. Maddox, president of the Atlanta and Florida railroad company, fully explains why the stock of that road and the stock in the Georgia Improvement company is worth more now than before the combination with the Georgia Southern.

President Maddox bases his estimates on good business rules, and we agree with him that his statements are conservative, and that it is highly probable the net earnings of the road will increase each year over his estimates. If he is correct the stock of the Georgia Improvement company is worth considerably more than par, because this company owns the entire issue of the stock of the Atlanta and Florida, except about \$70,000. Therefore the earnings of the road, after paying the interest on the bonded debt, which President Maddox says is \$50,000 per annum, will go in the stock dividends of the Atlanta and Florida. The value of all stock is governed entirely by the dividends paid on it, and with this stock earning good dividends there is no reason why it should not be very valuable. The bond on this road is very low—only about \$8,000 per mile, and even with this bonded indebtedness on the road it leaves nearly, or quite, \$200,000 in the treasury of the company unexpended, which will be used to procure better terminal facilities when present contracts expire.

The contract made by President Maddox was not only a splendid one for Atlanta, but for the stockholders. It has given some who have been very despondent more faith in the enterprise. It will give them back the money they invested, and a handsome profit besides. Only a week ago all the stockholders wanted to sell, and no one wanted to buy. Now, none of the stockholders want to sell, and there is a growing demand for the stock at higher prices.

Another benefit to the city of Atlanta is the certainty that this transaction will turn loose nearly half a million of dollars that was almost regarded as lost. The other day, as it were, nobody would loan a dollar on the stock, and those who were compelled to sell had to do so at a great sacrifice. The stock can now be counted as assets in any business transaction, and assets worth more than par.

Dakota's Destitution.
The first reports of the destitution in South Dakota were denied, but a Chicago paper sent to that state what it calls an "emissary," and this emissary found that the situation in South Dakota was fully as bad as had been reported.

Those who were interested in denying the reports were the professional boomers—real estate agents with land to sell, money-lenders with mortgages in their vaults, railroad managers, and politicians with axes to grind. These denials have had the effect of staying the hand of charity, and the probability is that when spring strikes that bleak and barren region the farmers will still be suffering for the necessities of life.

There is one fact that ought to be remembered, and that is that the people who suffer from blizzards and starvation in the northwest have themselves to blame. There are thousands and thousands of acres of land in the south, as fertile as any on earth, that can be had for a song, and yet farmers in the west are pushing for the northwest, and immigrants rush to where hunger and destitution are waiting to welcome them with open arms.

Who ever heard of suffering and starvation in the south as the result of a failure of crops? The northern republican editors, politicians and sectionalists are against us, but the winds of heaven and the beautiful seasons are for us—and these shall finally win. The movement hitherward has already begun, and it will increase year by year until the power and influence of the south, once more, controls the destinies of the nation.

TOM PLATT should be made director-general of the world's fair at Chicago. He did it with his little battle-axe.

NEW YORK can now take a slice of her fair funds and build the Grant monument.

AMPT is coming to the front in Ohio once more. Ampt is a democrat who patriotically tries to keep the republicans in hot water.

ST. LOUIS regards the vote on the world's fair as complimentary to the west. So it is. It is another reason why the west should join hands with the south and destroy the dragon of sectionalism that has its den in the east.

THE republicans have shown that the boasted surplus isn't a drop in the bucket.

THE matter of nullification seems to weigh heavily on Editor Halstead's stomach.

EDITORIAL COMMENT.

MR. GEORGE E. DALTON, 18 South Main street St. Louis, calls for union and confederate veterans to write to him in reference to a meeting on the battlefield of Chickamauga sometime in May. He says in his letter that he and his associates are being taken to make the battlefield of Chickamauga a national park, and to erect on the field proper monuments to designate where the various commands of the opposing forces were located at the different important points of the battle. You are doubtless also aware that there is much dispute as to the positions occupied by many of the commands on the field—especially this late winter when the ground is so hard and frozen. Dalton, who fought at the west of the Snodgrass house, on "Snodgrass," or "Horse Shoe," or "Batteries" ridge, as it is variously called—also, as to the confederate position, Dalton says that he is sure that many of the participants have decided to meet on the battlefield at some date in May, 1890, and there locate the positions occupied by each various command, and it is great to desire that as many as possible be present for that purpose. Those of the Twenty-first, Forty-first, Eighty-ninth, Ninety-eighth and One Hundred and Thirtieth Ohio; Seventy-eighth, Ninety-sixth and Ninety-ninth Indiana; and Twenty-second Michigan Infantry; and Battery M, First Illinois Light Artillery; and all of the regiments and batteries that were with the confederate brigades of Doss, Manigault, Fulton (B. R. Johnson's brigade), McNair, Gregg, Trigg, Kelley and Gracie, who can shed any light on the question of location, should be here, if possible.

LABOUCHERE went over to Paris, says a London letter to the New York Sun, to take a look at the trial of the young duke, and his views as to the personality of the pretender differ from those expressed in the monarchical newspapers. He says: "As a pretender, I prefer the younger duke, Boulangier, to the older one, because he is manly, perhaps less rather than more. The hope of the house of France is a cross between a petit creve and a smart young officer of a crack regiment, without any ideal beyond the physiognomy which are discussed at meals. He is tall, fresh complexion, has neat features, and could not offend as an ensign turning colors to steal away the hearts of nursery maids and romantic young ladies. If that were not the case, he is harsh, unpleasant, and dull, and that although he has lost the pudding contour which made him an ugly boy, the domination of stomach over mind is still shown in his choice of food. He has the hair of a dull shade, is parted, masher-like, in the middle, and is slightly curly. As to dress, it is irreproachable and carefully chosen. I could trace a resemblance in the cut of his features to the duke of Orleans, but the countenance was not his, and betrayed a mind on very slight pattern, a good deal of vanity, and a temper more irascible than sunny. The eye, to which I have already referred, is not a very attractive feature, and the expression, and too close set, gave a neat character to the face."

THE ST. LOUIS GLOBE-DEMOCRAT says that St. Louis lost the world's fair through too much wind talk. The paper says that the late Editor Jones, of the Republic, was a slap at Editor Jones, of the Republic.

THE TENNESSEANS are having a spirited gubernatorial canvass. West Tennessee claims that it is its time to furnish a governor, and the interest centers in the city of Memphis, where the candidates are running. The candidates are: John H. Hays, of the Democratic party; and John H. Hays, of the Republican party. Outside of Memphis there is talk of Hon. Ben Lee, Hon. William Daniels and Hon. J. E. Baxter. Despite the number of popular candidates it is thought by a good many that if Congressman Hays could enter the race he would be the winner.

GEORGIA POLITICS.

"Another candidate is being groomed by his friends in the ninth district," says the Winnetts Herald. "The candidate is Colonel W. T. Dalton, one of the soundest and ablest lawyers in north Georgia. Colonel Dalton has done a great deal for the people of his section, which, added to the fact that he is a man of the strictest integrity, greatly endears him to the voters in his part of the ninth district."

THE Ringgold News South is for A. O. Bacon for governor. That paper says: "Hon. A. O. Bacon carried Catawba county once when a candidate for governor. This is understood to be a slap at Editor Jones, of the Republic."

Hon. Morgan Rawls will in all probability be returned to the legislature from Effingham county.

It is understood that Editor Richard Grubb is going to resign his position as editor of the Atlanta Journal. If he will do so, his many friends in Atlanta will be glad to entertain him.

It is said that there will be a lively contest in Sumter county for the legislature, and that it is yet too early to name the winner.

H. A. Wrench, of the Dalton Argus, is suggested as the probable representative of Whitfield county in the next legislature.

Captain W. W. Gordon.

From the Savannah News.
Our friends of the rural press, and particularly those political friends in error, say that Gordon having withdrawn, no Savannah man has any chance of getting the democratic nomination for governor, appear to have forgotten that Colonel W. W. Gordon lives in Savannah. He may not be a candidate for the legislature, but he is a man who knows him doubts that he would make one of the best governors Georgia ever had. Is there an intelligent man in the state who does not know that he is one of the ablest members of the legislature, and that during his service it is that body he has shown exceptionally clear judgment and great intelligence in dealing with public affairs? During the last session of the legislature, and also the previous session, no other member commanded more attention in debate, and no other one was listened to with more pleasure. The reason was that he always had something to say that was worth hearing. He made himself master of his subject before he attempted to enlighten others with respect to it. Indeed, it is not too much to say that for solid attainments Colonel Gordon has no superior in the legislature.

He may not be anxious to be governor, and it is quite certain that he is not going to seek the office, certain as the office is. The people, however, may take a notion that it would be a good thing for them to have a man in the executive chair whose chief ambition would be to advance the interests in every way in his power, and who would bring to the discharge of his duties a wide acquaintance with the affairs of the state and the finest kind of business qualifications.

Colonel Gordon is just such a man as the people want for governor. They would search a long time before finding any reasonable objection to him. He has been a faithful and conscientious public servant since he has been in the legislature, and he would continue to be such a servant if he were chosen governor. It may be found difficult to make a choice from among those who are now recognized as candidates. In fact, before they have been chosen, they have been chosen before the delegates to the nominating convention are selected. If those who know Colonel Gordon well should be asked to name him, and it would be still less surprising if he should have a host of friends in the nominating convention.

BEWARE OF PLATT'S TIP

POLITICIANS THE VICTIMS OF A WALL STREET SLUMP.

Friends of the Boss Tempted to Buy Tennessee Coal and Iron Stock and Then Quietly Wiped Out.

From the New York Times.
It was a Thomas C. Platt day in Wall street as well as in Washington yesterday, and some more or less distinguished patriots who have been stockholders in the Tennessee Coal and Iron company, and who have been buying and selling the stock, were a little wiser and a good deal wearier.

It happened some months ago that there went up a loud call for reform in the management of the southern pig-iron-making company known as the Tennessee Coal and Iron company, and Statesman Thomas C. Platt was made president. He was selected on the law of averages. As he had never done any reforming it was argued that he must be about ripe for a little novelty of that sort.

Tennessee Coal stock was about \$30 a share when the Platt bull pool took hold. It was \$50 a share a few days ago. Yesterday it sold at \$51 a share. The whole slump has come within two or three days. Yesterday the stock opened at \$53, and forthwith it slumped to \$51, a drop of over eight per cent.

Wall street hasn't had anything like such a performance in many a day. But the chiefly entertaining point in the record isn't merely that there was a break in prices and that somebody therefore lost money. The entertainment is in the list of who those somebodies happen to be. There is a theory that anyone can lose money in Wall street without trying very hard, but it isn't often that the stock exchange ticks down a hundred statesmen in a row. And that's what yesterday accomplished in Wall street.

The recent rise in Tennessee Coal's price, about sixty points, has been one of Wall street's wonders; everybody who had sense could see that it was manipulated and that a fictitious market was being created through quotations and the other usual schemes that professional "operators" on the Stock Exchange know how to use in tempting gudgeons. Yet many a man was fooled—it is so easy to believe a stock can keep on going up forever. But cool-headed brokers have demanded big margins before they would buy it for their customers, and in many brokerage offices there were refusals to handle the stuff at all.

The politicians who were in Wall street yesterday before he had had such a "sure thing" as Leader Platt's Tennessee Coal offered; never before was the ground floor so close and safe; never were profits so ready to fall plump and quick into open pockets.

Perhaps Mr. Platt didn't have to urge his friends to come in and get some of the waiting wealth; possibly the patriots who help him run things inside the great works were themselves anxious to take a tier. "Anyhow," they got "in." They didn't get in at the bottom. Most of them were admitted to the deal only after there had been a rise of forty to fifty points. Seventy-five or so was about the quotation when the average co-statesman put up his little margin and got ready to fatten his bank account. Such lucky gentlemen weren't merely the little fellows who are called "speculators." In the list were gentlemen who get their names in black type on republican mass-meeting programmes. One, at least, is in his own mind, an 1892 presidential candidate. Others are notables of consequence in republican councils. And at the Fifth Avenue hotel, as well as in Wall street, these possessors of political privileges and of money, and of the envy of lesser folks who didn't happen to be under the generous patronage of Statesman Thomas C. Platt.

Now of them were calculating on selling out under 150; that price had been fully fixed. Oh! it was a subject for boasting to have the Thomas C. Platt tip. Some of the fortunates yesterday, in this bustling crowd, would have been very forcibly, he said, "of the first visit I made to Atlanta—it's so different. When was that? Why, my boy, that was back in '67 or '68—I don't remember exactly. The town then was the muddest, dirtiest hole you can imagine. And now—why there isn't a better one in the country. It is a treat to be here."

"Bully," as everybody affectionately calls him, is one of the most popular as well as one of the most prominent members of his profession. The delightful entertainment which he and his charming wife gave here last season still lingers as a fragrant memory. Mrs. Florence, he tells me, is in London this season, "taking a well-earned rest and enjoying herself." At the conclusion of the season Mr. Florence will spend a month or two fishing, as is his wont, and will then join Mrs. Florence across the water.

One of the younger members of the great Jefferson-Florence combination, and one of the best, is Frederick Paulding. Young in years, he is rich in the experience which comes of study and hard, conscientious work is bound to bring to the intelligent and aspiring actor.

You all know the story of Fred Paulding's stage career, how fresh from Harvard he began acting in the legitimate and from the first won favor with press and public; and then as fortune began to follow the well-earned fame, he was taken desperately ill here in Atlanta, and for five months was an almost helpless invalid. As soon as he was well and strong, you will remember, he returned to the stage and in many different parts has displayed his versatility and great ability.

Paulding was last seen here as Philip Herne in Mrs. Fiske's charming play of the same name. The play was too full of matters of interest only to New York and New Jersey, and the road, but that horse race which Philip Herne describes was one of the best things any modern playwright has done. And how Fred Paulding did read those lines! Now he has an excellent part with the greatest comedy company this country has ever seen.

Mr. Paulding was at the Kimball yesterday while the rest of the company remained in the private car. The reason for this was the presence in the city of a gentleman who wrote his name on the register:

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Colonel Dodge, a tall, handsome man, is the head of the Eleventh Infantry, and is stationed in New York. As Fred Paulding left his company to be with Colonel Dodge, so Colonel Dodge left his regiment to come and visit Paulding.

Why? Why, because Colonel Dodge is Fred Paulding's father—and mightn't you be of his talented son?

The magnificent shirt front of Hon. Seabe Reese was seen about the Kimball corridors yesterday. The Hon. Seabe had been shaking hands with his ex-congressional brethren.

Mr. B. G. Erwin, of Chisholm, Erwin and Bignon, of Savannah, is registered at the Kimball. He is here on legal business.

Willing to Sell Out.

SAVANNAH, Ga., February 27.—[Special.]—The company which laid the volcanic pavement in Liberty street wishes to sell its works to the city. Under the contract the company is required to keep the pavement in good repair for a number of years. Now the company is willing to make a compromise, and sell the city the pavement, and do the repairing itself, and do other new paving, if it desires any more volcanic pavement.

PEOPLE HERE AND THERE.

GARRISON.—Miss Gertrude Garrison, of the American Free association, is now Mrs. Aguirre, of Honduras.

WARD.—Ferdinand Ward, the Napoleon of finance in Sing Sing, is a physical wreck.

CRISKEY.—Mr. Forrest Criskey, a special writer for the Kellogg Newspaper union, is visiting points of interest in the south.

SEAD.—Judge Sead, of Memphis, says that the plain duty of all the southern states is to require an educational qualification for voters.

BRYANT was on an engine, and jumped from it

while going through a cut, for the purpose of making a coupling. His left foot slipped from under him, and while down one of the driving wheels of the locomotive passed over his foot, and crushed it so badly that amputation had to follow.

Saturday night about 12 o'clock J. H. Morgan, of Nashville, was picked up on Wood street. His head was covered with blood from an ugly wound on the side of the skull, and from the condition of his garments it was plain at first sight that he had been knocked down by highwaymen and robbed. When found he was unconscious. When he recovered, he stated that while on his way home, he was struck by some one from behind, with some such instrument that knocked him senseless, and that while in this condition he was robbed of his pocketbook containing \$45. Morgan says that he was armed, but as the first blow rendered him unconscious he could not defend himself. A bloody railroad coupling was found near the scene of the assault, and it is presumed that it was with this instrument Morgan was struck.

The supreme court of Alabama will hold a special term to consider the prohibition law relating to Calhoun county, Ala. They do this at the request of the city council of Anniston.

There were 362 stake races in this country last year. Of the number Kentucky bred horses won 183, California 22, and Pennsylvania 40.

The boiler at the old distillery of Mr. James R. Lanier, located three miles from Salisbury, exploded at 12 o'clock Friday night, with terrible effect. The still house, a two-story structure, was greatly wrecked; a man and his horse were instantly killed, two men were fatally hurt, and one man was badly injured. The names of the killed are: Hans Reardon and his son, a boy of twelve years old. Two men, one of them J. A. Setzer, a revenue agent, were sleeping in a room on the second floor. They were blown fifty yards. The revenue agent will survive, but the other's head was so badly crushed that he will die. The engineer had gone to the branch to see what was the matter with the pump when the explosion occurred, and he was not hurt. The cause of the explosion is not known. Repairs had just been completed to the boiler, and it was steamed up two hours before the explosion occurred.

SOME PEOPLE YOU MEET.

"Hello, Senator Massengale, how's McGinty?"

"McGinty? Oh, yes; I'm one man who knows McGinty and knows him well, and I don't have to go to the bottom of the sea to meet him, either. Mr. McGinty is a merchant and banker of my town, and like the original Daniel he wears his best Sunday clothes on Sunday."

The senator had on his best suit of clothes yesterday, silk hat and all. He came up to attend the Inman park sale, but at the Kimball ran about of Emmett Womack and of course talked politics.

"I see you're going to be governor," said Emmett, the silver-tongued.

"Yes," laughed the senator, "So I see. Of course that's just the complimentary talk of some of my friends who are kind enough to say something good for me. Who is favored to down our way? Ask me something easy. I can't answer about governor, but let me tell you, Tom Watson is going to stir up the congressional fight. He's the smartest little man in Georgia, and the little ones are the smartest ones, you know."

The mention of Watson's name made the senator enthusiastic.

"You know Tom Watson used to work for me. He wasn't much of a salesman, for he was intent upon reading everything he could get hold of. I told him he ought to be a lawyer, and the result has proved that I am right."

"Is he strong politically?"

"That he is. Did you ever hear him make a stump speech? Well, sir, when you say he captures the crowd you tell the literal truth. Oh, I'm for Watson!"

Billy Florence, the famous comedian, stood at the corner of Alabama and Whitehall streets yesterday, watching the crowds as they passed.

"Seeing this busy, bustling crowd, surrounded very forcibly," he said, "of the first visit I made to Atlanta—it's so different. When was that? Why, my boy, that was back in '67 or '68—I don't remember exactly. The town then was the muddest, dirtiest hole you can imagine. And now—why there isn't a better one in the country. It is a treat to be here."

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ALABAMA STATESMEN

Believe that Mr. Forney Could Be Governor.

THE RACE BETWEEN SEAY AND PUGH
Senator Call Talks About Bill Chandler.

GENERAL NEWS FROM THE CAPITAL

WASHINGTON, February 27.—[Special.]—The Alabama members are very much interested right now in the gubernatorial campaign in that state. They are unanimously of the opinion that Congressman Forney, if he so desires, could be the next governor. However, on account of the candidacy of Captain Joe Johnson, of Birmingham, his first cousin, and Captain Jim Crook, of Jacksonville, an intimate friend, he will not enter the race.

KOLB'S CHANCE GONE.
The Alabama men think if the convention had been held last November, Kolb would have received the nomination, but as matters stand at present, they do not believe Kolb has any decided advantage over the other candidates.

THE SENATORSHIP.
Another political matter that is agitating the Alabamians here is the contest over Senator Pugh's seat in the senate. His successor will be elected at the next session of the legislature. Senator Pugh is a candidate for re-election. Colonel Oates has been requested by leading men all over the state to enter the contest, but on account of his personal relations with Senator Pugh, it is not probable he will antagonize him.

TOM SEAY IN THE RACE.
Governor Tom Seay is, however, understood to be in the race, and those who know say it will be a very heated contest, with the chances of the two men about equal.

ALABAMA LEGISLATION.
Congressman Bankhead's bill for a \$50,000 public building at Tuscaloosa, will be reported favorably next week.

His bill to establish a land office at Birmingham will also be reported favorably in a few days.
He thinks there is no doubt about its passage.

General Forney, of Alabama, has entirely recovered. He is now in Baltimore, but is expected to resume his duties in the house next week.

SENATOR CALL SPEAKS.
Senator Call is not at all disturbed by the resolution of censure little Billy Chandler has introduced. There is little doubt of Call having said in substance just what he printed in the Record, and a large portion of the senators who were present heard it, and will stand by the Floridaian. In speaking of the matter today, Senator Call said:

"It is not true, as alleged by Chandler, that I inserted in the Record any charges against him which I had not uttered in debate on the floor of the senate. What I said was heard by senators surrounding me, and they bear me out in the assertion that all I did afterwards was to make my meaning a little clearer in the printed reply."

THE CHARGE MADE.
"My charge was that Chandler, by his course in the senate and elsewhere, in speaking about the race question, had, by the violence of his utterances and otherwise, made himself responsible for outrages that had followed as the work of his party friends and followers in Florida. I have said repeatedly, and I say again, that the blood is on Chandler's hands, as the result of his teachings to the ignorant blacks of the south. He cannot escape the responsibility, try hard as he may, and the pretense that he did not hear what I said in the debate is an afterthought."

AN EXAMINATION PROPOSED.
Colonel Oates, of Alabama, was today instructed by the judiciary committee to ask the house to draft a resolution, and the judiciary committee to investigate the conduct of certain United States judges, district attorneys, marshals and commissioners in Georgia, Alabama, and other southern states, wherever crookedness is supposed to exist.

The object is to send a special congressional investigating committee to the states to inquire into the crookedness of the judiciary. Complaint has been made by the attorney general and other officials, of frivolous prosecutions and professional witnesses to obtain money from the government. A commissioner in Arkansas got \$15,000 in fees last year. The commissioner of internal revenue says when a resolution makes crookedness fifteen hundred dollars there must be crookedness. These practices are said to prevail largely in Georgia and Alabama, and when the commission goes down there is apt to be some very sensational developments.

VICE PRESIDENT MORTON WITH FAMILY.
Vice President Morton with his family and a few friends leave on Saturday morning for Florida. They will also visit Charleston and are considering a visit to Atlanta on the return trip. The trip to Atlanta has, however, not been decided upon.

RANDALL'S HEALTH.
It seems to be the determination of various newspaper writers to kill Sam Randall at least once a week. Today has been one of those days. The report became current early this morning that the great statesman was dying. Immediately many of his friends went to his house to inquire. Among them was Mr. Carlisle, and when he returned he put a stop to all the rumors by announcing that Mr. Randall appeared better than he had been in three months. A true Mr. Randall has been in a very critical condition for a long time, and may die at any moment. However, today he was sitting up, and attended to some correspondence.

The senate considered the bill to declare unlawful trusts and combinations in restraint of trade and production. Mr. Sherman, who reported the bill from the committee on finance, said that he had been instructed by the committee to move to strike out the third section (which fixes the penalties for the offense of entering into trusts or combinations).

APPOINTMENTS REPORTED.
The president today nominated Henry C. Caldwell, of Arkansas, United States circuit judge for the eighth circuit, vice David J. Brewer resigned.

Supervisor of census—Peyton C. Smithson, Postmaster, Georgia—Jacob M. Alexander.

THE CRITIC TO BE HUNG.
The proprietors of the Daily Evening Critic and the Sunday Capitol, of this city, announce today that owing to the inability of the recent issues to meet their engagements, those two papers, together with their apparatus and rights of all description, are offered for sale, and if not disposed of by private treaty before the 10th of March, will be sold on that date at public auction.

The Derk-Lantern Sessions.
The senate seems to be trying to find out through an investigating committee how secret or executive session news got out. They all

know that it is told by the senators themselves, yet they are examining doorknockers, newspaper men and everyone else they can find, but are getting absolutely nothing. They tried the experiment today of keeping every one from the senate wing of the capitol, save a few trusted employees. However, the few western nominations confirmed were known to the newspaper men five minutes after the session adjourned. There seems to be only one remedy and that is to hold no dark-lantern sessions, but to do everything in public.

MR. CLEVELAND'S LUCK.
Mr. Cleveland has sold his summer home, "Oakview," which he occupied a portion of the time while president, to a California syndicate for \$140,000. The place cost Mr. Cleveland just \$32,000. The will divide up the ground around the beautiful house into building lots. The grounds contain twenty-nine acres, nearly three miles north of Georgetown.

TALKING FOR HIS SEAT.
Pendleton, of West Virginia, speaks in His Own Behalf.

WASHINGTON, February 27.—Immediately after the reading and approval of the journal, Mr. Rowell, of Illinois, called up the contested election case of Atkinson vs. Pendleton and the floor was accorded to the contestant, Pendleton. He said that he felt it his duty to speak in his own behalf, although he knew that he was addressing a jury which was prejudiced against him. He believed that he had carried the first district of West Virginia by means as fair, as honorable, as upright, as had ever been in any election in the history of the country. He reviewed the evidence in detail, controverting the statements made by supporters of the majority report, and, in conclusion, reiterated his declaration that he had been fairly and honestly elected.

Mr. Cooper, of Ohio, closed the debate with an argument in favor of the claim of the contestant. A vote was then taken on the minority resolution, declaring Pendleton entitled to a seat. It was defeated—yeas 142, nays 150—a strict party vote.

The vote then recurred on the majority resolution seating Mr. Atkinson. The democrats refrained from voting, their object being to have the contestant seated by less than a quorum, so that the question of the right of the speaker to count a quorum may be taken before the courts. The vote resulted—yeas 162, nays, nothing; the speaker counting a quorum.

Mr. O'Ferrall raised the point of no quorum, but the speaker ignored him; and the newly-elected member appeared at the bar of the house and took the oath of office amid applause on the republican side.

Mr. McKinley, from the committee on rules, reported a resolution making a special order for March 4th and 5th, for bills reported by the committee on public buildings and grounds. Adopted.

THE BOOMERS ARE READY
To Pounce on the Cherokee Strip by Storm.

GUTHRIE, I. T., February 27.—The president's proclamation requiring the cattlemen to remove their herds from the strip, seems to have been construed by the way-back boomers as a permit for them to enter and take up claims. At Arkansas City the streets were crowded with Cherokee strip boomers, who had come in wagons and by rail to the colony which had been organized to invade the strip. The Arkansas Traveler office was besieged all the afternoon by anxious boomers inquiring for the latest news as to when the Outlet would be opened. A meeting was held on the commons at the outskirts of the city, and speeches were made advising an immediate movement.

The impression seems to prevail that the government authorities will not remove the settlers. The boomers are confident that if the movement presses large proportions it will be impossible for the soldiers to eject them, even if they were ordered to do so. It is estimated by the boomers that the 57,000 quarter sections will accommodate 200,000 persons, including the women and children. About 75,000 of this number would be voters, and together with the thousands of land speculators in southern Kansas, Oklahoma, Texas and Arkansas who are anxious to organize town sites in the strip, the movement would assume the gigantic proportions that their numbers suggest.

Steps will be taken at once to organize the Cherokee Strip Settlers' Association, with headquarters at either Arkansas City or Guthrie, and branches will be established at various towns and cities in southern Kansas, northern Texas and western Arkansas. Guthrie, eighteen miles from the Outlet, is the headquarters of the Cherokee Strip line boomers, now assembled in readiness for the work. Officers of the Cherokee Strip line boomers will be in the city, and the boomers will compel them to vacate long before October 1st, the date set by the president's proclamation. The boomers threaten to burn the prairie grass and otherwise annoy the cattlemen to compel them to vacate next June, when their lease expires.

Noble City town site has been organized. It will be located in the strip, at the mouth of Lawson's creek. A delegation will arrive here tomorrow, to consult with Captain Cavanaugh as to what steps the military would take in case of a raid into the strip.

ATTRIBUTED TO THE ALLIANCE.
Small Dealers in Kansas Explain Their Failure.

ST. JOSEPH, Mo., February 27.—During the last week there has been an unusually large number of failures of small grocery firms and general dealers in Kansas; in fact the failures have been so numerous as to attract the attention of the banking trade, and an examination has been made into the cause of the seeming epidemic of failures. The work was placed in the hands of a mercantile agency, and it was found that the Farmers' Alliance was at the bottom of the trouble. The alliance has been the co-operative store plan, and their trade, together with that of such outside custom as they can influence, is thrown to the alliance stores. The result of the establishment of the alliance stores has been painfully felt by the regular retailers. As a consequence, small dealers have been forced to the wall and compelled to make assignments. The alliance has been in the business for a few years, but the commercial agencies predict that the alliance stores will last just about as long, and no longer than the co-operative stores established by the alliance. However, it cannot be denied that small failures have been of frequent occurrence lately, and it is also admitted that the direct cause of these failures, at least nine-tenths of them, have been the withdrawal of the farmers' trade and its transfer to the alliance stores.

THEY WERE OBNOXIOUS CITIZENS,
And as a consequence They Were Put Out of the Way.

CHARLESTON, S. C., February 27.—[Special.]—A special received here from Varnville, Hampton county, tonight, states that Bob Pope and his eleven-year-old son were killed in that county on Monday night by parties in ambush. The two were on their way home from Cummins' mill when they were killed. When the discovery was made, the sheriff was called, and Bob Pope's throat had been cut from ear to ear after he had been shot. The special does not say whether the Papes are whites or blacks, but the obnoxious citizens, and it is supposed their slayers were white men. These are all the details available now.

Will Investigate Court Methods.
WASHINGTON, February 27.—The house committee on judiciary has become convinced that irregular practices prevail to a considerable extent in the circuit courts of the country, and particularly in southern courts. Attorney General Miller addressed the committee a letter on the subject, and as a result, Mr. Oates, of Alabama, was this morning instructed by the committee to report to the house a resolution providing for the investigation of the charges. Mr. Oates says that it may be necessary to send a committee to Alabama and other southern states to secure evidence.

THE ALABAMA RACE!

The Democrats Have Secured Harmony of Action

BUT REPUBLICANS MAY BE ACTIVE
And a Birmingham Man May Be Their Candidate.

MONTGOMERY, Ala., February 27.—[Special.]—Alabama is now on the threshold of one of the greatest political battles since the war, and while the result is certain democratic victory, there may be contingencies which will cause the democratic leaders to put in hard licks to keep the state in proper column.

THE DEMOCRATIC FRONT.
The fight for the democratic nomination for governor has passed through the warm stages, and now begins to splutter with heat. It may be safely said that many shady "critters" are led out, waiting their chances on the home-stretch, in case of a dead-lock.

For a time there was some uneasiness felt on the subject of a bolter, but this is now past, and the democratic party feels sure that the voice of the convention will be the final arbiter with all democratic aspirants.

THE REPUBLICAN SITUATION.
What will the republicans do? There's the rub!

The executive committee met here Tuesday and fixed the convention of the party one week later than the time set for the democratic convention. They set for the democratic convention. They set for the democratic convention. They set for the democratic convention.

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CUTTING OFF THE WINE SUPPLY

The Virginia Legislature After the Public Institution Visitors.

RICHMOND, Va., February 27.—[Special.]—By the appointment of a committee to inquire into the management of the fourteen educational and eleemosynary institutions of the state of Virginia, the senate has directed an indirect investigation that it has been frequently intimated may result in some spicy, if not, indeed, sensational, developments.

No subject has led to such animated discussion as this one of the management of the institutions of these institutions, and while the debates have been very guarded, there have been many innuendoes and insinuations of gross misfeasance, if not corruption. As a result, official circles are very much stirred up over the matter, and some of the managers are feeling altogether uncomfortable.

When the bill to adopt the check system of paying for supplies at the institutions was being discussed, it was strongly intimated that many things have gone wrong. It was stated that the partial itemized statements of expenditures sent in a few days ago, in response to a fact that at one institution, a member of the board of visitors, revealed the startling number of visitors, entitled to no salary, was shown to have been paid thirty dollars.

Today Mr. Heaton, of London, favoring the abolition of boards of visitors and directors, and substituting a paid board to supervise all the institutions, declared the visitors to be very expensive and unable to accomplish much, of which he said in their quarterly visits of one day each.

COULDN'T GET THEIR "EXTRAS" ITEMIZED.
He said it was almost impossible to get an authenticated account of these expenditures. When they were sent in they were not clear, and in some cases showed the most glaring misappropriation of public funds he had ever seen. A large institution there had been paid \$800 to pay preachers to preach to lunatics. At another over \$1,000 to buy whisky. In some cases there were charges for cigars. He did not know whether the visitors used the cigars or the lunatics, but he supposed the former.

It seemed to him that the action of the general assembly had been defied. In the afternoon of the Petersburg school for colored girls, no senator on the floor could understand the accounts returned. It seemed to him that these mysterious reports might be made intentionally, and that they indicated that there was something lagging behind.

A PAID BOARD SHOULD BE APPOINTED.
He thought that a paid board of managers, instead of the present one, should go to the institutions and see that there was no misappropriation of the funds. Let these reports be made directly to the governor, by whom they should be appointed. These itemized accounts were gotten to be printed, but they will not be printed now, and every one is asking why.

DASHED TO DEATH.
The Terrible Tragedy Witnessed by a Railroad Engineer.

CHARLOTTE, N. C., February 27.—[Special.]—A most horrible casualty occurred near Hickory last night, in which Charles Sherrell, a well-known citizen of Caldwell county, was killed.

The scene of the terrible accident was on a trestle on the Western North Carolina railroad, about one mile west of Hickory. As the train dashed around a curve and on the trestle, the headlight flashed upon a dark object on the track, about the middle of the trestle, that the first glance of Engineer Long made out to be an obstruction laid on the track to cause a wreck, but which on a second glance was seen to be a man lying on the track between the cross-ties and sleepers, hitched to a vehicle in which was reclining the form of a man.

THROWN INTO THE RIVER.
Before the engineer's mind had taken in the meaning of them, the crash came, and the train plowed through the obstruction, and was across the trestle before there was time to reverse and down brakes. The train went through all without a break or an accident. The cow catcher lifted the road car and hurled the body of the man against the front part of the engine, his body dropping down to the bottom of the creek, and his hat catching upon the flag staff and hanging there. The road car was torn all up, one wheel falling on one side and the other on the other. The horse was literally mangled. As soon as the train could be stopped all hands went to the assistance of the unfortunate man, and the train was sent back to Hickory after a doctor.

THE VICTIM RECOVERED.
The man was found to be alive, but so crushed and bruised that he was insensible, only gasping for breath, and in half an hour he was dead. He was recognized as Charles Sherrell, about thirty-five years old, who lived on the Cedar Valley and Hickory road, in Caldwell county, about five miles from the scene of the accident. The horse had become frightened, and running away had fallen on the trestle, and Sherrell being hurt, could not get out of the way, although he heard the train approaching.

JILTED BY A YELLOW GIRL.
Who Plays the Chinaman for All His Cash on a Promise of Marriage.

CHATTANOOGA, Tenn., February 27.—[Special.]—An amusing story, almost tragic in its results, has been furnished by one of the Chinese laundries here.

Chan Yee, the only American citizen in this city from the celestial land, came to this city several years ago from Atlanta, and opened a laundry and Chinese notion store. Chan imported a tall, raw-boned fellow-beast from San Francisco, whose name is Chan Ock.

THE GOOD-LOOKING YELLOW GIRL.
In the employ of Chan Yee, there has been also a good-looking yellow girl, of whom Ock has become smitten. The girl has been playing him for all there was to be had, on a promise to marry him, and at last she told him that if he would give her \$100 to buy her trousseau, she would marry him. To this Ock acceded, and the money was given and he was told to secure the license, which he did.

The marriage was to be solemnized by Squire Adams, and that functionary's office was filled last night to overflowing by curious people anxious to witness the nuptial ceremony. Chan had on his best bib and tucker, and had his eye carefully concealed beneath a heavy wig.

THE BRIDE NEVER CAME.
A hack was sent for the expected bride, and Chan waited for her coming very impatiently. But after a fruitless search the hack returned at 10 o'clock without the woman, and Chan is consequently very unhappy. He claims that he has given her over a thousand dollars, and has had out several warrants for her arrest. Chan says she will have to marry him or he will kill her. The officers are hunting for the negro, and the Chinamen are in-
"Niggle chested allies since white man."

(Boils, pimples, hives, ringworm, tetter and all other manifestations of impure blood are cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla.)

PHILLIPS' DIETETIC COCOA, very nutritious food for children.

Now Drink Salt Springs water. Beware of imitations. The genuine for sale only by Messrs. Gregory & Co., by the glass or quantity, or send your order direct to us.

Get the best! Dr. Bull's Worm Destroyers are the best. They taste good. They are safe. They are sure.

Brewer's Lung Restorer will cure the most obstinate cold.

She Was an Old Citizen.
EUPAULA, Ala., February 27.—[Special.]—Mrs. Roxana Williams died last night at about 7 o'clock, and was buried this evening at 4:30, from the Methodist church. She was one of the oldest inhabitants, having moved here fifty years ago.

THE ARIZONA HORROR

Further Details of the Breaking of the Dam

AND THE SWEEP OF THE WATERS
Down the Valleys, Causing Death and Destruction.

PRESCOTT, Arizona, February 27.—Two prospectors, Moses and Robert Moore, who have arrived from Upper Walnut Grove dam, give the following particulars of the late disaster.

"We came up to Haasayampa prospecting, and passed a number of parties on the way who must inevitably have been lost Thursday. We arrived at the dam Friday morning. The water in the dam was rising at the rate of eighteen inches an hour with all sluices opened. Superintendent Thomas Brown had one hundred men employed all day in blasting out a waste-way to aid the escape of the water. Despite the immense volume which went through this passage the water continued to rise until 9 o'clock at night, when it began to pour over the top of the dam. In the afternoon Superintendent Brown seeing the dam must inevitably give way, sent a messenger to the lower dam to notify them of their danger, but he stopped at a station on the road, and becoming intoxicated failed to deliver the message. The next morning another messenger was sent, but was overtaken and drowned by the flood just as he neared the lower dam."

THE MIDNIGHT ALARM.
"About midnight we were warned by Mr. Brown calling to his foreman, 'Get up Phil. I think the dam has broken.' Soon after there was a tremendous roar which was indescribable and we rose and saw the water rushing out of the dam. Inside of two hours it had disappeared entirely from where it was, from sixty to ninety feet deep. Francis M. Parker was one of the men rescued from a perilous position about daylight. Parker and his partners had gone to bed. When he was awakened he heard one of his partners exclaim, 'My God, what was that?' He (Parker) never saw them again. He was lifted up by the water and was caught up to the roof of the cabin, where he clung to the rafters until the cabin, after floating around, was drawn against the bluff, where he seized some bushes and drew himself up on the cliff. One man was seen to start for a place of safety, and seeing escape was impossible, bravely turned his face to the flood and was swept away. Another man was seen going up a steep hill, and had reached a point about fifty feet above the level of the river bank, when the mighty volume of water struck and killed him. Outside towns are supplying all needed necessities."

LEVILLE'S FEARFUL CRIME.
Evidence Which Will Disprove His Claim of Insanity.

CHARLESTON, S. C., February 27.—[Special.]—Important evidence has been developed in the Levell murder, which occurred on the 17th instant.

On that date Napoleon Levell murdered his wife, and shot her uncle, Ben Feldmann, at whose house she had been living. There was but one witness at the inquest, Feldmann being too badly injured to speak.

THE STORY FELDMAN TELLS.
Today THE CONSTITUTION reporter was permitted to see him, his condition having somewhat improved. His statement rather surprised us, as it was set up by the murderer. Feldmann says that after hearing the two pistol shots, he ran up to his door and found Levell trying to push the still breathing body of his wife in the stoop, and to shut the door so as to hide her body, just as McDow tried to hide the body of the late Captain Dawson after he had killed him. He said to him: "Why, Nap, what are you doing to poor Belle?" Upon which the murderer turned upon him and shot him.

WHAT A POLICEMAN SAID.
Another important bit of evidence has come to light. The officer of the day at the police station will testify that when Levell was brought into the station on the night of the murder, he was heard to say:

"Well, I've killed Feldmann anyway, and no one will be able to tell about it."

A LETTER FROM HIS DAUGHTER.
The prisoner publishes a letter which he says he received from his twenty-two-year-old daughter in New York, in which the girl says she knows her father must have been insane when he shot her step-mother.

HE WILL BE LYNCHED.
Brown Washington in Danger of Being Lynched.

MADISON, Ga., February 27.—[Special.]—The negro, Brown Washington, who murdered a nine-year-old girl, after having outraged her, has confessed.

At dark crowds of men were pressing around the jail, and there is no question but that the prisoner will be lynched before daylight.

Summoning the Citizens to Work.
SAVANNAH, Ga., February 27.—[Special.]—Mr. George Bourne, chairman of the road commissioners, announces that he will summon the citizens of Savannah to work on the public roads. Two years ago he summoned the male residents of the first district, and a few of them obeyed. Now he will call on all. His authority is a disputed point in law, but whether he has the right or not, very few will report.

An Open Letter.
During this coming week we will offer some special bargains in dried raspberries. Our price has been 35 cents per pound. We will close them out at 25 cents. We also reduce the price on our dried prunes from 35 to 25 cents. These make excellent

GANTT TO CANDLER

**THE EDITOR FLIES AT THE CON-
GRESSMAN**

And Builds Up an Answer Which Seems to
Be Satisfactory to Himself if Not
to Colonel Sumner

ATHENS, Ga. February 27.—[Special.]—The article in today's CONSTITUTION, from Washington, was read with surprise by many, when they were apprised of the controversy between Colonel Candler and Editor Gantt. Mr. Can-

to Buchanan's life sense of Mr. Gantt's article. Tomorrow's Banner will contain the following editorial in regard to the matter:

THE CONSTITUTION of yesterday contained an interview with Hon. Allen D. Candler by its Washington correspondent, in which that gentleman is reported to take exceptions to our statement that he could not secure the nomination for governor on account of his position on the internal revenue laws. The gentleman's error when he thinks we doubt his democracy, for such an idea never passed our mind. It was simply an imposition on this one vital issue that we questioned and we questioned it. We asked for a plain answer from Colonel Candler and we asked it. Are you not an advocate of abolishing or

and have you not so declared, testified, sworn, and will not a removal of this tax benefit yourself and your family? If you are not a proper proportionate tariff on the necessities of life, we have mistaken the gentleman, we will take great pleasure in correcting our error. Colonel Cassier's name was being passed around among the statesmen, and I suppose the gentleman a candidate for governor, and we believe his home papers gave the nomination great prominence. He certainly read this notice. As neither himself or friends saw fit to correct them, we contend that we were at perfect liberty to express our opinion of his claims. No one knows better than

congress against Mr. Speer that the question of internal revenue taxes and tariff reduction were neither considered or discussed, the entire campaign hanging on the political record of Emory Speer. We will state for Colonel Candier's edification that we have no special choice for governor, and if he stands firmly behind the South Louisiana platform, there is no man in Georgia who would more fully support than himself. It seems to us that Colonel Candier is endeavoring to evade the only and knifed issue.

editorial by a pyrotechnic display of his democracy. If we had any doubt on this subject, the Banner editor would never have supported the gentleman eight years ago. We simply stated that Colonel Candler favored a repeal of the whisky tax, which is not the sentiments of ex-President Cleveland or the declaration of the St. Louis platform. He has been frequently so reported in THE CONSTITUTION, when that paper was championing protective tariff principles.

his position on the silver question, which no one but himself drags into this discussion. There is but one issue between Congressman Candler and the Banner editor. Are you in favor of a repeal or reduction of the liquor tax? If not, we are due you an apology, for you have been grossly misrepresented by the protective tariff organs. If you are, your resolution not to offer as a candidate for governor before the tariff reform democrats of Georgia is a wise precaution against defeat. To the mark.

Colony Candler's interview reminds us of the country lawyer who was employed to defend a fellow for sheep stealing, and put in as a plea that his client never rode a mule in his life.

DEATH OF COLONEL SMYTHE,
One of the Veteran Editors of the Olden Time.
 AUGUSTA, Ga., February 27.—[Special.]—A

notable figure in Georgia journalism passed away today, when Colonel James M. Smyth died at the home of his son in this city at the advanced age of eighty years. Colonel Smyth came to Augusta in the spring of 1846, and commenced work on the editorial columns of the Chronicle and Sentinel. Later he published and edited the Republican. In about three years he built up

and sold it out to Colonel James T. Gardner, editor of the Constitutionalist, and then became associate editor with Colonel Gardner on the Constitutionalist and Republic, where he remained for several years. He subsequently edited the Georgia Home Gazette, and was postmaster at Augusta before the war. He was a courtly gentleman and a fighting editor. He had two duels, and bore himself

always with conspicuous gallantry. In later years he edited the Union and Recorder of Milledgeville, and more recently wrote letters for that paper from Augusta. He was a forceful, scholarly writer. Of late years he was quite poor, but adversity never made him less of the Chesterfield or detracted from his courtly dignity. He leaves three children—a son, Mr. W. W. Smythe, and two daughters, Mrs. Whitfield Russell, of this city, and Mrs.

C. P. Wilcox, wife of Professor Wilcox, of the university. His funeral will take place to-morrow afternoon.

FILLED WITH POWDER.

An Albany Gentleman Has an Unpleasant
Smoke.

ALBANY, Ga., February 27.—[Special.]—This

morning, Mr. S. A. Beach, who has a shop near the river, filled his pipe, laid it on a shelf, and went to breakfast. Upon his return he found it apparently as he had left it. He lit it, and a few moments after there was a tremendous report. Neighbors rushed in and found Beach speechless with fright, his mustache and eyebrows burned off, and his face badly burned. Some one, during

his absence, had filled his huge pipe with powder, and sprinkled tobacco over the top. Beach was recovered, and threatens to go to law about it.

Dan Alston on Trial.

DECATUR, Ga., February 27.—DeKalb superior court has been in session here since the 10th inst., and will continue through this week, making a session of eighteen days at a cost of

about two thousand dollars. The grand jury has adjourned. They returned about fifty true bills. Tuesday at one o'clock the Dan Alston case was taken up and a jury selected. The evidence has all been submitted to the jury and the case is being argued today. The general impression is that Alston will be acquitted or at least not found guilty of murder.

CARROLTON, February 27.—[Special.]—The Carrollton Hotel company met yesterday evening in the Merchants' and Planters' bank and perfected an organization by electing Mr. E. J. Kramer president, Hon. L. P. Mandavine secretary and Henry Lanier treasurer.

The services of an architect will be secured at once and work will begin as soon as practical. The house will be a fine one and cost

Bought a Railroad.—The Devo and Statesborough railroad built, owned and controlled by Angusta parties, has been sold out. The road is ten miles long and is situated in Bullock county. The new owner who recently purchased the controlling stock of the company is Mr. George P. Curry, of Angusta, who has

een elected president, to succeed Mr. F. T. Lockhart. Mr. Curry will remove to Statesboro to personally manage the road.

Working for a Fair.

HARLEM, Ga., February 27.—[Special.]—The people of Columbia county several weeks ago were very enthusiastic over a proposed fair to be held in this county this fall. There have been two meetings already called for the pur-

From Appling to Harlem.
AUGUSTA, Ga., February 27.—[Special.]—A company has been incorporated in Augusta to build a railroad from Appling to Harlem, in Columbia county. The incorporators are F.

Lockhart, J. T. Newberry and James Fleming. The stock of the company will be 100,000. Mr. Gordon Gairdner will be the engineer.

◆

A Session for Granting Charters.
WASHINGTON, Ga., February 27.—[Special.] Judge Lumpkin holds a special court here today to grant charters to the following companies: The Washington Foundry and Manu-

Death of Hon. Lewis Thomas.
BLACKSHEAR, Ga., February 27.—[Special.]
Hon. Lewis Thomas, Jr., the efficient tax collector of Pierce county, after a lingering illness of several months' duration, died last night at his residence, near Patterson, and was buried at St. Luke's church.

Gen'l F. A. M. 188, 17
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Feb 22 dly

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Administrator's Sale.
 GEORGIA, ROCKDALE COUNTY—WILL BE
 sold before the courthouse door in the town,

near the lake water of power the following
to-wit: A line of water sale will be girt
on one on the north side of the girt
is between thirty and forty feet in a second
to government survey; water can be controlled
on a dam. Located two hundred acres of
adjoining lands; six hundred acres and forty
in DeKalb county, six hundred miles east of
Atlanta, on South river, five miles from the
city of Atlanta, Georgia. There are two
hundred acres of bottom land, two hundred acres
of natural forest. Hundred in natural forest will
be cleared. It is known as one of the best
in the Georgia territory. For further in-
formation apply to
W. N. McKNIGHT,
Administrator of the Estate of R. N. McKnight.
It will be other lands sold at same time and place.